

Communications.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

their best growth. The enthusiastic fruit grower may neglect his club friends on the pleasant evenings of spring and summer, or be missed from the group of gossiping politicians at the village store; his family physician may become almost a stranger, and the grocer turn a cold shoulder; but his conscience will be clear, and his sleep sweet, when he is able to place upon his table, to the delight of all the family, fresh fruit, every day, in profusion.

Manchester.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE GRAIN QUESTION.

BY E. C. DOW.

How to improve our condition is a subject that receives the attention of us all to a greater or less degree. It may be safely said that there is not an enterprising farmer in the State who is not desirous of increasing his income, either by more extended work, or by a saving of expense. Believing that the farmers of Maine are not, as a rule, using their opportunities to the best advantage, and are spending large sums of money annually for what can be more cheaply grown at home, I wish to call the attention of the readers of the *Farmer* to some sources of loss.

Granted, that every man has the right to manage his own business to suit himself, and that it is his privilege to either buy or grow his own feed stuffs, I am of the opinion that three-fourths of the farmers would meet with a higher success if they grew all the grain needed for the farm stock. With the land, much of which now lies idle, or does not produce enough to pay interest and taxes on its cost, with the teams and men, there is no good reason why the greater part of this immense drain should not be stopped. At best, the margin of profit on feeding purchased grain is small. That there are those who can better buy than grow, passes without argument. To the man engaged in some specialty, such as gardening or truck farming, or the growing of fruits for the home markets, it follows that there may be a good profit from feeding Western grain. A profit that is less the direct result of the feeding than of the use of the manures resulting therefrom when applied to these special crops.

There is also another class of farmers who will not find it profitable to attempt to grow large areas of grain—those who own the rocky farms of Maine. This kind of land is often our very best when rightly used, as it is strong, moist, productive, and especially well adapted to the growing of grass and hay. Whether the owners of these farms shall feed Western grain, or follow a course of farming that will require but little grain feed, is a matter that each can best decide for himself. In most cases I believe the latter course would be the more profitable.

But these two classes of farmers are but a small part of Maine's land workers. There are thousands of farms in this State that are comparatively free from stones, and such land is easily worked. On these farms grain for the home use might be grown with ease and profit. Year after year these farms have been cropped without receiving a fair return in tillage and manure. Year after year have they been decreasing in product, until the fields will scarcely yield hay enough to pay for the cutting and marketing of the crop.

While all this has been going on, the owners of these farms have been "going out West to mill" to get the grain for the horses, cows, pigs and hens. The butter, pork and eggs may pay the cost of the grain, and while the horses eat up the profit (?), the farmer must chop cord wood to get a living. I am dealing in solid facts as they exist in thousands of instances right here in our own State, which has been more abundantly blessed by nature than any other section of our country. For this condition of affairs there is a remedy; out of the valley of poverty there is a road to plenty, perhaps to wealth. But we have got to work our way out. We need not hope for help except as it comes through our own efforts. We are paying the railroads enough every year for freight on our grain from Chicago, to furnish all the extra capital needed to grow the same upon our own farms.

Now let us illustrate this question by the case of the man who is feeding Western grain to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars' worth yearly. Forty per cent of that amount, or one hundred dollars, goes to the railroad company as freight. My information as to freight charges on grain is from reliable authority, and it will be found to average a little more than this for the whole State. Now, this amount paid for freight will, when invested in seed and fertilizer, produce the two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of grain on any Maine farm such as I have reference to in this article. The work of growing that amount of grain on one of these farms would be hardly more than the cost of hauling that same amount ten miles from market. The benefits would be three-fold: There would be an increased value added to the farm, the result of cultivation and fertilization; and benefit to the man himself, arising from the development of better business habits; and last, but by no means least, an addition to the income of one hundred and fifty dollars per year, which would naturally lead to a larger increase from a combination of these three advantages. This sum, added to the yearly income of the men who own these farms, would place them on an independent footing; for, on the farm, with a fair living now, an addition of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum would mean a condition above all possibility of want.

We need not expect to get much benefit by a reduced rate of freight, as there is no possibility of such a thing in the near future. We may accuse them of exorbitant charges—it serves as a sop to our own consciences when

we feel condemned for want of energy and business methods—but it will not lead us out of the condition that now surrounds us. Here is the proper course for us to pursue: Take advantage of our opportunities, and grow our feed when our farms are adapted to the production of grain; or settle into some systematic form of work that requires but little grain feed, when we have farms too hard of cultivation to warrant its raising.

Monroe.

For the Maine Farmer.

POMOLOGICAL.

Apple Cure.

BY CRANK.

It seems to me that there is no class of laborers so intensely interested in their work as fruit growers. The fact that the products of their labor are more attractive and tempting than anything else under the light of the sun, is one reason for this deep interest. Satan understood the magic power of fruit, and used it successfully as bait to trap the human race in its infancy. When farmers become as wise as the serpent, they will cultivate fruit more extensively, especially the small fruits, as a means to anchor the boys and girls on the farm. As we recall the days of childhood, the wild and cultivated fruits, with their associations, rise up before us more prominent than anything else.

The Sweet Jonquilles, the August Stripes, the Blue Damsons and Green Gages—how nice they were! I do not believe the people, as a class, have yet learned to duly appreciate the real value of fruit. If the people in common use as much fruit per capita as is consumed at the hygienic institutions, the demand would be increased ten-fold. Persons suffering from dyspepsia, constipation, congestion of the brain, and other ills which attend on general debility, are accustomed to use bitters for the stomach, cathartics for the bowels, and iron for the blood. But it is generally found that the relief to the stomach and bowels induced by medicine is temporary, and when reaction takes place after stimulation, the vital organs are weaker, and the patient is worse off in every respect than when he commenced the use of medicine.

Apples are a natural stimulant to the stomach, bowels and kidneys, and, unlike medicine, keep up, when habitually eaten, a continued healthy action of those organs. Apples are not only stimulative, but are also nutritive. And in this respect chemical analysis fails to do them justice. As fruit aids digestion, probably a larger per cent. of food is assimilated by its use. Some years ago, the case of an invalid was cited in the *New York Tribune*, who lived a year on no other food than apples, and during the time gained in flesh and strength. Nervous headache and sleeplessness are frequently cured by finishing each meal with two or three tart apples. The increased action of the stomach and other vital organs diverts the blood from the brain, inducing sleep and mental quiet. In most cases, "heart burn" is relieved by tart apples eaten after each meal. For the past twenty-five years, raw apples have been a part of my daily food, and during this time I have taken no medicine into my stomach, and have not been confined to my bed a single day, and to the house not more than two days at any one time. I do not claim fruit to be a universal remedy, but I do believe in many cases, when properly used, it is far superior to drugs. Let the weak and debilitated ones try it and report.

East Union.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF LIFE.

BY F. M. HOWARD.

If we view the poetic side of life and ignore the practical we live in a sort of pleasant dream. Farmers cannot afford to spend their time in this way, by a combination of good sense and practical farming they do much toward paving the way to great achievements. In consideration of the many crops raised upon the farm there is hardly one that has been so much neglected as Indian corn. The labor is no more than that expended upon other crops and the benefit derived more than compensates for the outlay. As the seasons vary great uneasiness is often experienced by the stout hearted ones, but a firm faith in Him that controls the elements and sends the sun and showers to warm and water the earth, will oftentimes calm the mind and in His own time yield a bountiful harvest.

To the farmer that depends wholly upon his physical strength for his daily bread, it is reasonably answered that it is a paying crop. As a class they have been imposed upon and depressed, but since these organizations have sprung up the rural communities are becoming more systematized, the interest is increased and as a natural consequence the work is more thorough. There certainly is an inexpressible pleasure in being permitted to minister to the wants of dumb animals. As the fertility of the soil has to be kept up it is advisable to procure good stock, since the expense would be no more than that employed upon an indifferent lot. Horses consume a good deal and too many are poor property for the average farmer unless they can be converted into work horses. Trotters are numerous and the farmer has but little time to devote to the training of them, for help is scarce and he often, has to do the work of two men. I cannot understand why working upon the farm is so objectionable to young men.

They will sit round a corn shop for hours waiting for work, receiving inferior pay, rather than work for a dollar a day upon the farm. It is one of the enigmas of life. Boys will go to distant cities and spend their time and money in riotous living and return after many years to the despised little farm. Young America must learn by experience in passing through the different degrees of swapping watches, jack-knives, and horses—sometimes it proves a valuable experience that would not be parted with for money. The old plow must be kept in order or the people of the city will not be able to have a "farmer's dinner" every Tuesday.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE VERMONT BUTTER SCORE.

BY O. M. TINKHAM.

Mr. Editor: The report given in the *Farmer* of Jan. 25, of the scoring of the Vermont Dairyman's Association scarcely did justice to our dairymen in several particulars.

First, you give the scoring of but 21 lots, inferentially the entire exhibit of private dairies, or at least of those taking money, though nothing is said to that effect. I cannot tell how many exhibits there were from private dairies, but fifty lots drew money. Among those you did not mention were two first, two second, and two third premiums, though one third was divided between two parties who scored alike.

The lowest score on any butter exhibit was 76, and the lowest of private dairies sharing pro rata, which was embraced in the fifty lot was 82.

The seven prizes which were not mentioned in your list ranged from 93 to 98, while the average of the whole fifty lots was something above the average of the 21 lots given in the *Farmer*. This, it seems to me, gives us a rather better showing, and we need all that belongs to us in the way of credit this year. I find in my vicinity a general complaint of cows not doing as well as usual, as well as of the butter not being up to usual quality.

North Pomfret, Vt.

For the Maine Farmer.

SERIES OF FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

Farmers' Institutes have been arranged to be held at Canton, Oxford county, Monday, Feb. 26, Farmington, Franklin county, Tuesday, Feb. 27, North Parsonsfield and Maplewood, York county, Thursday and Friday, March 1 and 2, with G. M. Gowell and Prof. Walter Balentine of Orono, President Pope of the Pomological Society, Manchester, and Secretary McKee as speakers. The subjects discussed will be dairying, stock feeding and orcharding.

Also one at Lincolnville Center and one at Thorndike, Waldo county, Wednesday and Thursday, March 7 and 8, with Charles E. Wheeler of Chester, Prof. Walter Balentine and Secretary McKee as speakers. An Institute is also proposed at South Lewiston, Androscoggin county, on Friday, March 9, with speakers and subjects to be given later. B. WALKER MCKEE, Sec'y.

Augusta, Feb. 16.

For the Maine Farmer.

JUST AN ITEM HERE AND THERE.

BY C. S. A.

Mr. Samuel Thomas, Warren, is 77 years of age; cannot remember when he was ever confined to the house by sickness, even for a day; has never had to call a physician but once, and that was for rheumatism. He has taken the *Maine Farmer* nearly or quite half a century; has been prominent in town, agricultural and temperance matters.

The Rockland butter factory has been run successfully for nearly five years. J. Henry Hill, who is butter maker, has not been absent from the factory a single working day during all these years. O. Gardner, Knox county member of the Board of Agriculture, is selling agent, and finds ready sale for all the butter that can be manufactured largely in Rockland and Vinalhaven. A new route in Waldoboro, the cream to be brought by railroad, is talked of the coming season.

The East Pittston creamery, E. E. Haley, proprietor, E. C. Moody, butter maker, has been successfully run three years, the product being doubled each year, with prospect of doing the same again the coming season. Twenty (or more) years ago your correspondent found pleasant entertainment at "Winslow Hill," Nobleboro, with the late Lyman H. Winslow, at the Winslow home. The older agricultural men of the State will remember Mr. Winslow not only as a faithful and efficient member of the Board of Agriculture, but as a Christian gentleman with whom it was a pleasure to associate. Late years entertainment is found at the same place with the son, John M. Winslow, the present member of the Board of Agriculture for Lincoln county. And the wisdom of the agricultural society in selecting a "practical farmer" who is interested in his business, instead of a "village man," is already shown in the increased interest in the board, and the largely increased attendance at the institutes, as has been noticed in the *Maine Farmer*. Mr. Winslow is already arranging for another institute to be held in April.

R. G. Winslow has been famous for growing steers and developing them early, though his method is not exactly in accordance with the directions (?) of Friend McIntire of Biddeford, "to feed but once or twice a day, and let the cattle have plenty of exercise in the open air when the glass indicates 20° to 30°." His method is to feed small fodderings often during the entire day. Which is the correct method?

Wm. M. Flagg a year or two since sold a Watchmaker clock, that is now owned in Massachusetts, and by report is plying in at over 2,200.

G. W. Oliver is among the largest and best farmers in town. Last fall his 3-year-old steers, Durham grade, a very nice pair measuring 7 feet, took first premium at the county fair.

Pleasant entertainment for a night was found at the home of Jerome Hall, on "East Neck," where through father and son the *Maine Farmer* has been a constant and welcome visitor for nearly or quite half a century. Another long time patron of the *Farmer* in Nobleboro is Mr. Moses Perkins, one of the most successful farmers in town. The latch string is ever on the outside for the *Maine Farmer* man at the house of T. T. Weeks, Jefferson, who is farmer, lumberman and stock dealer. Some years since he kept a large flock of sheep, making early lambs a specialty. Lambs and veals have been his specialties in dressed meats, selling both at the Soldiers' Home, Togus, and in Boston, through commission merchants. He keeps anywhere from eight to fifteen cows, with veal calves on the sea-

son through, handling, in this way, from two to three hundred a year. Two years since he sold four "Peter Waldos" for \$100, the best one bringing something more than \$30. He keeps them till six or eight weeks old, taking the milk each of one or two cows, as they require, making them dress from 300 to 350 lbs.

Another home for the *Maine Farmer* man in Jefferson is in the family of T. P. Weeks, and this successful farmer who has been a remarkable man to train colts by kind yet firm methods without the use of the whip. He has a pair of red Durham grade steers 6½ ft. and 6 ft., 8 ins., the largest one being a remarkably good one in build and thriftiness. He would like to buy a mate for the best one, or would buy a pair that would match with his.

Abial N. Weeks, one of the many Woods homesteads in Jefferson, has a good farm, with one of the best sets of farm buildings in town. He was formerly in the nursery business, and has a very nice young orchard from which in favorable years he harvests about 100 barrels of apples.

During the first "big storm" of the season, Jan. 30th and 31st, your correspondent found himself snowed, or storm-bound, with the family of Geo. T. Houdlett, than which no more pleasant home for a traveling man need be desired. Mr. H. is one of the most successful farmers in town, who always keeps a pair or two of nice oxen and steers. This year his ox team consists of a pair of Holstein oxen about 7 ft. in the line, good in any place, and two pairs of 3-year-old steers, all good ones, and each pair nicely matched. He also has a pair of Holstein steers, good ones, one year old in March, nearly or quite 5 ft. in the line. He keeps two or three pigs, not old hogs, and considers it much more profitable to kill them when six or eight months old, making them dress from 300 to 350 lbs., than to feed them longer. He has a pair of good work horses, and from his 1100-lb. mare has a very handsome colt, strong built and up-headed, that at eight months old is estimated to weigh 650 lbs., or more. Mr. Houdlett has had the *Maine Farmer*, "lo, these many years," appreciates it, and expects to keep it as long as he lives.

When in Newcastle, your correspondent is always sure of a hearty welcome, and a pleasant home in the family of Chas. E. Erskine, son of the late Hartley Erskine, so well known both as farmer and lumberman. This is among the best farms in town, carrying a large stock, cattle, sheep and horses.

E. G. Baker, farmer, stock dealer, millman, grocery man and postmaster at North Newcastle, whatever the administration is, has a nice farm, with one of the best sets of farm buildings in town. He always drives a good horse, and sometimes sells one, and generally has two or three pairs of nice oxen for farm work and lumbering. He has a very nice pair, remarkably good workers, that he has had for years, and says when he disposes of them they are going to the shambles. At the time of my call he wanted to buy a nice pair, four or five years old, good lookers and good workers. He has a cow from which 15 pounds of butter have been made in seven days. Mrs. Baker thinks she is capable of producing 18 pounds in a week.

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The Sun-Down Storm.

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Freezing.

Perhaps our dazzling sunshine has something to do with the national trick of freezing, though it is more probable that the national worry has more interest in the matter. Whatever the cause we will all acknowledge that it is unsightly and generally unnecessary. The only cases where it is at all excusable are those in which an oculist should be called in. A little attention to it will smooth out one's wrinkled face. —N. Y. World.

Papa (to son who had been out to tea): "How did you enjoy yourself last evening, Harry?" "Fine, papa; and we saw some money with a showing-gum in it for tea." —Harper's Young People.

The stragglers came up quickly, and there, about five rods to one side of the snowshoe trail, was the moose, a splendid bull, three or four years old. He was imbedded in the snow almost up to the back, and was puffing like a steam engine, completely exhausted.

Now that they had overtaken the moose, the men, under the watchful eye of the chief, looked rather sheepish until one of them, idly picking up a piece of snow, tossed it at the animal. Then everyone seemed taken with the novelty of snowballing a moose, and a perfect fusillade of missiles whistled past his ears, but the only sign of the terror he felt at the unusual attack was the rapid, spasmodic twitching of his short tail, a movement that was strangely discordant with the dignity of the monarch of the Acedian forests.

After a five minutes' fusillade the men tired of the fun and resumed their weary tramp, leaving the moose to recover from his exhaustion and fright, and to wonder what manner of creatures they were who, after chasing him for miles, had contented themselves with pelting him with harmless balls of snow. —N. Y. Sun.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

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Freezing.

Perhaps our dazzling sunshine has something to do with the national trick of freezing, though it is more probable that the national worry has more interest in the matter. Whatever the cause we will all acknowledge that it is unsightly and generally unnecessary. The only cases where it is at all excusable are those in which an oculist should be called in. A little attention to it will smooth out one's wrinkled face. —N. Y. World.

Papa (to son who had been out to tea): "How did you enjoy yourself last evening, Harry?" "Fine, papa; and we saw some money with a showing-gum in it for tea." —Harper's Young People.

The stragglers came up quickly, and there, about five rods to one side of the snowshoe trail, was the moose, a splendid bull, three or four years old. He was imbedded in the snow almost up to the back, and was puffing like a steam engine, completely exhausted.

Now that they had overtaken the moose, the men, under the watchful eye of the chief, looked rather sheepish until one of them, idly picking up a piece of snow, tossed it at the animal. Then everyone seemed taken with the novelty of snowballing a moose, and a perfect fusillade of missiles whistled past his ears, but the only sign of the terror he felt at the unusual attack was the rapid, spasmodic twitching of his short tail, a movement that was strangely discordant with the dignity of the monarch of the Acedian forests.

After a five minutes' fusillade the men tired of the fun and resumed their weary tramp, leaving the moose to recover from his exhaustion and fright, and to wonder what manner of creatures they were who, after chasing him for miles, had contented themselves with pelting him with harmless balls of snow. —N. Y. Sun.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Louise Chandler Moulton said to a late interviewer: "How many books have I written altogether? I hardly know. The work nearest to my heart, however, is my verse. It is the inevitable part—that which expresses the real me."

—Mr. Ruskin does not like bicycles. "I not only object," he says, "but I am prepared to spend all my best bad language in reprobation of bi, tri, and four, five, six or seven cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God

Woman's Department.

THE LITTLE ARM-CHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair. It stands in a corner dimly lit. But a white-haired mother, gazing there, And yearningly thinking of him, And through the dusk of long ago, Sees the bloom of her boy's face, And she rocks to and fro, With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand, Sometimes a pencil and slate, And the figures hard to understand, And the figures hard to make, And she sees the end of the father's head, And she hears the little son, So proud of his little son, And she hears the little son, So proud of his little son.

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days, When a child with sunny hair, Was wont to sit, to kiss, and to praise, And sit in the little chair, And she saw the end of the father's head, And she hears the little son, So proud of his little son, And she hears the little son, So proud of his little son.

But now and then in a wistful dream, She sees a head with a golden gleam, And she hears the little son, So proud of his little son, And she hears the little son, So proud of his little son, And she hears the little son, So proud of his little son.

ABOUT PUDDINGS.

When making puddings, beat the eggs separately, using the whites the last thing. If boiled milk is used, pour in a little at a time, let it curdle the eggs. If fruit is used, it should be well floured, and added the last thing.

Puddings may be baked, boiled or steamed. Almost any recipe for pudding may be used for baking or steaming. Instead of pudding either baked or steamed is preferable to one boiled, because it is more apt to turn out well, and be light and digestible. Batter and corn-starch puddings need a quick oven; bread, custard, rice and fruit puddings require a moderate heat. Anything made with baking powder should be put to cook at once. A little salt should be added to both cakes and puddings when salt butter is not used.

In making puddings, all the ingredients should be of the same temperature. A little too long gives an unpleasant flavor. Dried currants are always sandy and gritty, and need very particular attention before using. Think of a good plan to cook over a quantity of water, and wash until the water looks clear, when poured off, dry moderately, and tie up closely, ready for use. The convenience of having them ready will be appreciated if the pudding is to be made with a coarse towel, to remove stems and dirt, then seeded. Spices must be fine, almonds rubbed or pounded smooth. If orange or lemon peel is used, wash it, and then grate it, and use only the yellow part. The white rind is bitter, and will spoil the taste of the finest pudding.

Boiled puddings are lighter when boiled in a cloth, plenty of room being allowed for the pudding to expand. A bag may be made of firm white drilling, tapering from top to bottom, and rounded on the corners. Sew up on the machine, and fill the seams, which should be on the outside when used. A tape for tying with may be attached at one seam, about three inches from the top. When wanted for use, wet in hot water and flour bountifully on the inside. This forms a sort of paste that excludes water, and prevents the pudding from sticking to the bag. Pour in the pudding, tie firmly, leaving plenty of room to swell. Rice, meal, etc., swell a good deal. Put a saucer in the bottom of the bag, to prevent the pudding from sticking. In boiling, immediately cover the kettle with boiling water. Cover the kettle and keep the water boiling. Add more water as it is needed, always boiling hot. There are no exceptions in the purpose of boiling puddings in a bag, but a bag is preferred by some. If a mould is used, grease both mould and cover. Lard is best for greasing this than is salted butter. In the pan may be used a piece of a mould, but a cloth over the top of the pan, and then press on the top cover. Bows are also used. These should be greased, and covered with a well-floured cloth tied on securely. If boiling in a bag, it must be immersed in water, and turned two or three times under the water, to prevent its sticking. Keep the bag covered with water. If a mould is used, grease it well. Never wash a pudding cloth in soap. Use good clean, clear water, dry quickly and keep in a place free from dust and smells.

GOOD MANNERS.

How quickly one recognizes the true gentleman when travelling in a public conveyance. Some persons seem to think they must move their good manners at home when starting on a journey. An instance of this came under the writer's own observation not long ago. A train of cars had stopped at a station for refreshments. An old lady who was lame, feared the cars would start before she could get on. She was hurrying along when she met a gentleman (?) and asked him to help her. He said, "I am sorry, but I cannot help you. I am in a hurry." Next she met a young man who took her valise, offered her his arm to help her along, and assisted her up the steps, put her valise inside the car and said, "I guess you can find a seat there, I must get a lunch before I start."

The old lady sat down on the first seat she came to, a part of which was occupied by a woman dressed like a lady who said in a loud voice: "You can't sit there. It's my husband's seat and you must find another." The old lady told her she must rest a moment for she was very tired and was trembling a good deal. The woman said, "You had better go at once." Two young women on an opposite seat were laughing and making signs to drive the old lady out, when a young lady rose from a seat near by where she had witnessed the performance, and invited the old lady to a seat beside herself, took her valise, and helped her along saying "don't mind those people." She noticed that the old lady was trembling so she couldn't button her glove, so she took out a hairpin and buttoned it for her.

Then when E— station was reached she took the old lady's valise and bouquet and assisted her to the door where she saw the young lady who had helped her. The young lady thanked her for her kindness that she showed her. Though very plainly dressed she was a true lady. The other, though richly dressed, left her lady-like manners at home probably.

MRS. C. G. FURBISH.

It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

John— "What did you ask him for the dog?" "He didn't do for the dog."

HEIRESS'S FIVE MONEY.

"I have only an allowance of \$10 a week for pocket money," said the daughter of a millionaire in a confidential moment the other day. "Papa has such an idea of money, you know, and he thinks I am wildly extravagant to spend that small amount on candies, flowers, novels and theater tickets. Mamma orders all my clothing, you know, and so of course I do not have to buy anything I really need."

To many a young girl \$10 a week would seem sufficient for pocket money, and indeed how many hundreds of pretty and clever girls are there who cannot earn more than that amount even by working hard each day in the week? But the average fashionable society girl has so many demands on her purse that \$10 does not go far.

It is said that Jay Gould very generously allowed his pretty daughter \$25, and with this she not only supplies her own little wants but gives to most of her small charities.

Cornelius Vanderbilt and Elliott F. Shepard allow each of their six children a certain amount of pocket money each month, and they are required to keep cash accounts and present them to their fathers the first of each month. The amounts are not large, and are given merely to make the little millionaires understand the value of money than to augment it.

William K. Vanderbilt's three children are allowed plenty of pocket money, but are fined heavily for all misdemeanors. They dine in a pretty little room adjacent to the great dining salon, and if a tiny drop of any coffee, milk or wine is spilled on the snowy cloth, the offender is fined 25 cents for each offense. A glass of water knocked over or a dish left on the floor brings a fine of 50 cents to the culprit, and all the fines go to the foreign and home mission.

"What do I do with my \$20 a week?" asked only daughter of a Fifth Avenue millionaire, when asked the question. "Well, not always the same thing. Last week I spent every cent of it on a lovely new parasol to carry to the coaching party, and then after all my trouble it poured rain. I generally purchase my flowers—your know, I would like a fresh corsage cluster every day—and they cost \$1 a cluster."

Then bonbons, soda, chocolate and those little trifles come to tea for \$5, and a couple of matinee tickets, too, for my old woman at the Home for the Aged, new music and papers use up the rest. I am fearfully short sometimes, and I draw in advance and then forget to pay back, don't you know? Papa used to allow me so much each quarter for my wardrobe and maid, but I was always in deep water. Now I order what I want and have the bill sent to him."

"I don't think that the wealthiest New Yorkers are more than liberal in allowing pocket money to their daughters," said the principal of a very fashionable up town school. "My pupils are most of them daughters of millionaires, and yet they have seldom enough for their many little wants. It is wisdom, not meanness, on the part of parents, I think."

HOUSE PLANTS IN WINTER.

In the ordinary dwelling there is generally too high a temperature, too much dust and a deficiency in light, air and moisture. Some persons have the knack of making all kinds of plants grow under the most unfavorable circumstances. In the winter, when put in their hands, will always take root; the plant assumes the desired form; it is always free from insects and mildew, sets its buds early and blossoms most abundantly. Is this owing to magnetic attraction existing between such persons and their plants?

Rooms in which plants are grown should be aired thoroughly on all sunny days and moderately on all cloudy days. In very cold or windy weather care should be taken that cold air does not come in contact with the plant. To avoid this, lower the shades a very little from the top and admit fresh air from one adjoining room. Let the temperature be considerably lower at night than during the day; the same difference as there is between day and night during summer, out of doors.

All plants should be carefully examined daily to guard against insect pests; destroy at once any that may appear, and stick off all dead or dying leaves. Water sparingly this month, excepting such plants as are making rapid growth. Syringe daily when the weather is mild and the day clear until the plants are well established. Syringing will furnish all the water that is required. Watering is one of the most important parts of plant culture; more than half the plants are ruined by over and untimely watering than from any other cause.

Do not apply water until the plant asks for it, which it will do by a graceful drooping of the foliage when the sun shines fully out; then water simply as though it rained hard, and do not water again until needed. The common practice of watering regularly, morning and evening, without regard to necessity, is a frequent cause of plant diseases such as mildew, rot and other troubles. A plant will require far more water than on others, as evaporation is more or less rapid; observe this and act accordingly.

One of the chief causes of failure in growing house plants is the over-heated rooms in which they are placed. We often see plants in broken pitchers and old fruit cans, growing in the small and narrow window of a poor man's humble cottage, far more luxuriant and healthy than those in the over-heated houses of the rich, because during most of the winter plants in their natural state make but little growth, the most care needed being protection from frost. The cold rooms of the poor, ill ventilated though they may be, furnish more fresh air than can survive the furnace heat and the unconscious gas of a house "with all the modern improvements."—American Gardening.

To Make Buckwheat Cakes.

In the first place be sure that you select perfectly pure buckwheat free from grit, and free from adulterations with rye. Put one quart of cold water into a small-necked stone or earthen jar; add to it one tablespoonful of salt and three and three-quarters cups of buckwheat; mix well. Place a saucer or plate over the top of the jar and let it stand in a moderately warm place (about 65° Fahr.) until morning. In the morning dissolve in half a teaspoonful of lukewarm water; mix well. Place a saucer or plate over the top of the jar and let it stand in a moderately warm place (about 65° Fahr.) until morning. In the morning dissolve in half a teaspoonful of lukewarm water; mix well. Place a saucer or plate over the top of the jar and let it stand in a moderately warm place (about 65° Fahr.) until morning.

One cup of sugar, one cup of milk; two eggs beaten fine; salt to taste. Roll on pie board not too thin. Roll in diamonds, twists or rings. Drop with care the doughy things into fat that briskly swells. Fry them brown—just short of burning. Roll in sugar and cinnamon. Fry a quarter to three-quarters.

Doughnuts in Rhyme.

One cup of sugar, one cup of milk; two eggs beaten fine; salt to taste. Roll on pie board not too thin. Roll in diamonds, twists or rings. Drop with care the doughy things into fat that briskly swells. Fry them brown—just short of burning. Roll in sugar and cinnamon. Fry a quarter to three-quarters.

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MUST HAVE SECRETARIES.

A great deal is said about how letter-writing is a lost art, and lovers of bygone days take great pleasure and pride in pointing to the numberless epistles written in the past generation and then contrasting them with the little scrawny notes scrawled in the very illegible handwriting of to-day. Within the last few years the utter impossibility of any society woman attempting to keep up her own correspondence has been thoroughly proved, and the New York Herald thinks that of all the fields of employment open to women that of private secretary is most desirable and one of the most remunerative. It is a post which requires business ability, great tact, a clear handwriting and a thorough knowledge of composition. The schools and colleges are beginning to realize how important it is to train women to fill these very positions, for every year sees the demand increasing.

Some women require that their secretaries shall write a hand precisely like their own, so that notes of a most intimate character can be answered by the secretary without giving offense, as would probably be the case should the receiver of a note for an instant fancy that anyone than the person to whom the letter had been sent had answered it. Of course this position requires the most absolute trust, for the secretary is of necessity entrusted with the most intimate affairs of her employer. The world has certainly changed since the time when it was generally believed and universally stated that no woman could keep a secret, for many are the cases in this city where another person has charge of my lady's private affairs and never has there been known a time as yet when such confidence has been abused. The duties of a secretary are manifold and require considerable knowledge of society and its requirements. She must know to whom cards should be sent, must keep up a visiting list and be sure when invitations for receptions and dances are sent out that none of the dead friends are invited. In some places the secretary has charge of the household affairs as well.

Hints for Fancy Work.

Handsome table covers are made of alternate squares of half squares of black flannel and of velvet. One made of two shades of brown is very pretty, and another of brown and lemon color particularly effective. The spread should be lined. It is not necessary that the lining should be of expensive material; unbleached factory cloth will answer, provided that the facing is deep. No border is requisite, but if one prefers to have it this should be of velvet and the facing of contrasting color. If the blocks are neatly put together no needlework is necessary to adorn the spread, but of course may be determined according to the taste of the maker.

Small trash baskets can be made by putting two small peach baskets together, one upside down and the other above it, making an hour-glass shape. Cover with chintz or crash, with outside design worked on each side, and draw the center with a ribbon.

Cooking and Cleanliness.

The New York City board of health say in their circular, in preventing the spread of cholera: "Thorough cooking destroys the cholera germs; therefore—Don't eat raw, uncooked articles of any kind, not even milk. Don't eat or drink to excess. Use plain, wholesome, digestible food, and digestion and diarrhea favor an attack of cholera. Don't drink unboiled water. Don't eat or drink articles unless they have been thoroughly and recently cooked or boiled, and the more recent and hotter they are the safer."

Personal cleanliness and cleanliness of the living and sleeping rooms and their contents and their ventilation should be rigidly enforced. Foul water closets, sinks, cellars, etc., should be avoided, and when present should be referred to health board at once and remedied.

Young Folks' Column.

Dear Girls and Boys: My school is keeping this winter; my studies are fourth reader, large arithmetic, spelling, large geography, phonics and grammar. There are 13 scholars this winter; not a very large number. My teacher's name is Grace Vining. I like to read stories very much. Not long ago I finished a book by the title of "Ada and Gerty" by Mrs. L. C. Higgins. I like it very much. I have three brothers, Willie, Charlie, and Percy. My father has 50 hens—my father and mother, and my sister Edna and I have two sisters, their names are Carrie and Edna. My sister Edna and I have about 120 hens. I would like to have some of the girls of my age write to me. My grandpa takes the Farmer, and I like to read the children's column very much. For pets I have one sheep, her name is Curley; and two cats, their names are Belle and Furr, and one mouse, his name is Peter; and one bird, her name is Polly. Good-bye. Yours truly, GRACE L. HADLOCK, West Falmouth.

Mr. Editor: This is my first letter. My school closed a week ago. My teacher's name is Warren Fuller; I liked him very much. I have three brothers, Willie, Charlie, and Percy. My father has 50 hens—my father and mother, and my sister Edna and I have two sisters, their names are Carrie and Edna. My sister Edna and I have about 120 hens. I would like to have some of the girls of my age write to me. My grandpa takes the Farmer, and I like to read the children's column very much. For pets I have one sheep, her name is Curley; and two cats, their names are Belle and Furr, and one mouse, his name is Peter; and one bird, her name is Polly. Good-bye. Yours truly, GRACE L. HADLOCK, West Falmouth.

Dear Editor: I am a girl 12 years old. I go to school. My teacher's name is Nahum N. Cook; I like him very much. My studies are reading, writing, arithmetic, algebra, history, grammar, spelling. I have a brother 14 years old, his name is Lester; and a sister 8 years old, her name is Edith. I have for pets a cat and a dove. West Athens.

Dear Boys and Girls: I have never written for the young folks' column, but my sister Hortense has written. My papa takes the Farmer. I like to read the letters very much. For pets I have a cat and a lamb; I don't like dogs. My school is not keeping now. I am six years old, and live in Somerset county. Embden Centre.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am going to school. My teacher's name is Nahum N. Cook; he is a very nice teacher. My studies are reading, spelling, grammar, history, physiology and algebra. I have for pets a bird and two cats. Good-bye. VIOLA E. NOYES, West Athens.

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Dear Mr. Editor: My grandfather has taken the Maine Farmer ever since it was first published. I have never written for the young folks' column but thought I would like to tell the young people what I have for pets. My best pet is my little baby sister, four months old the tenth of this month. Her name is Ruth Adeline Clemens; she is named for two grandmothers. I have a dog, his name is Skip; four cats, their names are Midget, Flossie, Chip, and Dandy Gray Russett; a little hen, her name is Geneva—she is six years old; and a boscie, her name is Spil.

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EVERY MOTHER

SHOULD HAVE IT IN THE HOUSE!
For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use.

Dropped on Sugar, Children love to take it.
For Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore-Throat, Cramps and Pains.
It is marvelous how many different French chemists have found this is the fact that it acts only. Healing all cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieves all manner of Bowel Complaints. To be taken in water.

Think of it! Although originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810 Johnson's Anodyne Liniment could not have survived over eighty years unless it possesses extraordinary merit. INHALE IT FOR NERVOUS HEADACHE.

UNLIKE ANY OTHER For Purely Household Use. For Rheumatism, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dropsy, Headache, Hysteria, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sore-Throat, Stomachic, Toothache, Whooping Cough, etc. Price 25 Cents. Sold by Druggists, and by J. C. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. ESTABLISHED 1810. FLAVORING EXTRACTS. Of excellent, uniform quality. Guaranteed to be extracted from the pure fruit. Unequalled for any point of view. Housekeepers are many who declare them best. Try them in your own cooking. Obtainable at any grocer.

RED SEAL REMEDY CO. FLAVORING EXTRACTS. Of excellent, uniform quality. Guaranteed to be extracted from the pure fruit. Unequalled for any point of view. Housekeepers are many who declare them best. Try them in your own cooking. Obtainable at any grocer.

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1894.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE, OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in Lincoln County.
MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Aroostook County.

Purchasers of apples report that they
are scarce and of rather poor quality.

That was a grand ball given the other
evening in Portland by the Maine Central
Railroad Relief Association. It was a
happy occasion, and for a most worthy
object.

And now a serious move is made for a
new trial of Prendergast, the confessed
and undoubted murderer of Mayor Har-
rison. Such proceedings as these tend
to bring law into contempt and encour-
age criminals. The French method of
getting at an undoubted assassin in
short order should be imported here.

The Rev. Dr. George Dana Board-
man, who is to retire from the pasto-
rate of the First Baptist church, Phila-
delphia, on May 15th, the thirtieth an-
niversary of his pastorate, was born in
Barnum, and is the son of the late
Rev. George Dana Boardman, a stepson
of the late Adoniram Judson, and one
of the most famous of the missionaries
to the East. For many years he has
been one of the most influential and
respected ministers of Philadelphia.

The farmers of North Dakota are tel-
ling some very large stories about the
ravages of the Russian Thistle in their
vicinity. They informed the house com-
mittee on Agriculture in Washington the
other day, that three counties in their
State have been abandoned because of
it, and about 70,000 square miles are
covered with it. The horses' legs have
to be covered with leather leggings to
protect them from the thistles. The
Canada thistle, they say, can't hold a
candle to this variety.

The changes in the system of voting
under the Australian method, that go into
effect this spring, are for the most part
very simple. A square can be found at
the head of each ticket on the ballot.
Within one of these squares a cross must
be put, and when that is done and the
ballot legally deposited, the vote will be
counted for all whose names appear be-
low it. If it is desired to cross out the
name it may be done, or if the voter
wishes to vote for one of the opposite
party he substitutes for the regular nom-
inee of his party the name of the man for
whom he desires to vote. This may be
done by scratching out one name and
writing in another, or by the use of
pasters that were formerly so common.
It is only necessary to make one cross
under any circumstances, and that
should be in the square at the head of
the ticket. Then the voter may change
the ticket as he pleases.

The nineteenth birthday of Neal Dow
of Portland, will occur on March 20th, and
his friends are intending to celebrate it
with special ceremonies. Not only will
it be celebrated at his home in Portland,
but meetings in honor of the father of
the "Maine Law" will doubtless be held
in many other places by advocates of
prohibition and total abstinence. Mr.
Dow's first interest in the temperance
movement was in connection with the
Maine Temperance Union, which in 1837
urged upon the legislature the abrogation
of all license laws. In 1839 he ap-
peared as a public advocate of pro-
hibition, advocating before the Alder-
men of Portland the referring of the
question of license or no license to a
vote of the citizens. Since then General
Dow has been actively interested in tem-
perance work. He served in the war,
and was twice wounded; he was cap-
tured by the rebels, and in 1864 was
exchanged for General Fitzhugh Lee. In
1880 General Dow was the prohibition
candidate for President, and received
10,360 votes. A celebration of the birth-
day will also be held in London.

Henry Clews & Co. of New York, in
their weekly circular of information, say:
"There are symptoms that the turning
stage in the now prevailing depression
of business has been reached. At any
rate, there are not a few shrewd ob-
servers of the signs of the times who
have come to that conclusion and are acting
accordingly. It is not difficult to trace
these beginnings in the real estate mar-
ket, where there is a distinct disposition
to buy well-situated down-town prop-
erties, with a view either to reselling on
a rise, or to erecting large office build-
ings; and such transactions are done at
better prices than might be expected
under the circumstances. In some of
the more staple kinds of cotton goods,
of which there is some accumulation,
manufacturers would find no difficulty
in disposing of large amounts to specu-
lative buyers, if the holders were willing
to make moderate concessions of price.
There are symptoms also that the
hardening tendency in the coffee market
is due to carefully concealed efforts to
buy large lots for a reactionary ad-
vance. During the past week im-
portant applications have been made
to the banks for advances on wheat
collateral, which the banks, contrary
to their usual indifference to such
loans, have readily entertained. Most
of these operations are undertaken by
men of capital, outside of ordinary mar-
ket transactions, upon the conviction
that prices have touched their lowest
point and must yield a profit upon pur-
chases. These unmistakable facts are
the first rays of light breaking from a
gloomy situation, and may be fairly con-
sidered as the beginnings of a general
brightening up of the prospects of busi-
ness."

FROM THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

Geo. R. Smith, Esq., of this city, Regis-
ter of Deeds, recently received the fol-
lowing letter from O. A. Tuell, Esq.,
who went to Southern California and
Arizona, for the benefit of his health. It
contains so much of interest that we
have induced him to permit us to copy
it:

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Feb. 8, 1894.
Geo. R. Smith, Esq., Augusta, Me.
My Dear Sir: I have been exceeding-
ly slow about writing my friends East,
but I do not feel like apologizing nor do
I believe my friends want anything more
than to know that I have not felt able to
write.

How I should enjoy stepping in and
having a good chat with you and hear
all about the boys, politics, etc. As it is
I am forced to be content with writing
here on the desert with only Mexicans,
Indians, Dagos, Greasers and Chinese
for companions.

I found Southern California very
beautiful indeed. It is a veritable park
150 miles long and 90 wide. I made a
hasty run over the most of it, and for
beauty of scenery, ornamental trees,
shrubbery of all kinds, orchards and
vineyards, I doubt if it has a superior in
the world. But with all its natural and
artificial beauty it is, in my judgment,
a land for the wealthy alone. It is a poor
country for a poor man to emigrate to.
Los Angeles is the only city where there
is any snap or business vigor; all the
rest, including San Diego, are slow,
sleepy places. It was quite different
from what I expected in that respect.

The people of Southern California are,
for the most part, genial, of hand, good
natured, fond of the great outdoors, and
was not work, but lying. For genuine
all round, consummate, heavy weight
liars, California takes the first prize.

I was in Riverside a part of one day
only and in company with a friend from
Ontario, so have not called on Mr. Kyes
and Mr. Packard; shall try and call on
them in May when I return to the coast.
I am not at all pleased with Riverside.
I could find plenty of as good land and
better climate and location. It is true
that it has some rare beauties, but a
growing town must have more than
beauty to thrive.

I left California in the hope of finding
a better climate for my lungs and I think
the climate here is better in many ways
at this season of the year. But "The
beauty and the loveliness" seem to have
passed away from earth. Tucson is
located in nearly the center of a desert
or plain completely surrounded by the
Santa Catalina, Rincon and San Pedro
ranges of mountains, about 80 miles long
and 40 wide. It has between 6000 and
7000 inhabitants, three-fourths of whom
are Mexicans and Indians. Fully three-
fourths of all the buildings are mud or
adobe, which is simply dried mud.
Many of the Indians live in holes in the
ground. I saw one to-day, and I was
wondering who dug that hole and for
what, when the black face of a squaw
appeared from below to enquire why I
was disturbing the peace and quiet of
her home? I walked I was not at all
scared, I walked rapidly away and avoid-
ed all holes in the ground for the rest
of my walk. It is just the toughest town
I ever struck! It is a poor day when one
man, at least, is not shot, or killed in
some other way. They value human and
animal lives about alike. There is no
society. If a stranger minds his busi-
ness he is all right, but he can't be funny
and live here. And yet, I am sort of en-
joying this wild life. The fellows seem
to like me. I can't say why, and certain-
ly am not proud of their love.

I shall soon be with you with my war
paint on again. Sincerely yours,
O. A. TUELL.

Colby Men at Boston.

Eighty-five members and guests of the
Boston Colby Alumni Association met
at the Tremont House, Boston, Thursday
evening, for the annual reunion. From
5 to 6 a reception was held, after which
an adjournment was made to the ban-
quet hall. President C. F. Meleny was
in the chair and on either side of him
were the guests of the evening, President B.
L. Whitman of Colby University and
President E. B. Andrews of Brown.

President Whitman extolled the Maine
College in a most eloquent manner. He
said that upon leaving Waterville that
morning, "Sam," who is the mascot of
Colby, remarked that he was delighted
to know the President was going to at-
tend the banquet. President Whitman
said he felt sure all was right at the uni-
versity as long as "Sam" was at his post.

President Andrews of Brown Universi-
ty, said he felt like a young man, who,
when about to attain his majority, was
told by his father: "Young man, it is
about time for you to marry and settle
down." The young man said: "When
you married you took mother; if I mar-
ry I must push out and take up with a
stranger."

President Andrews said he felt in much
the same position, inasmuch as the other
speakers of the evening were addressing
their alma mater and he was obliged to
speak to an "entire stranger." An origi-
nal poem, written by Harry L. Koop-
man, was read by him. Hon. F. F. Ly-
ford said many pleasant things of his
alma mater.

Portland talks of bidding for the Bath
Iron Works. But we understand that
the majority of the stockholders whose
interests are centered in the city of Bath
intend that the works shall remain there.
The money that will be received for in-
surance will be sufficient to rebuild the
works in better shape than they were
before.

An old and much valued subscriber in
Orrington, in remitting the amount of
his annual subscription to the *Farmer*,
says: "I think my first acquaintance with
the paper was in 1833. I was not a sub-
scriber at that time; one of my neighbors
told me, failed to make payments and his
account was \$10, which I paid for him,
and now in my old age the old *Maine
Farmer* is a welcome visitor."

Bro. Shorey starts off at a lively pace
in the first number of the *Brunswick
Telegraph* under his administration. He
is a talented, educated and active young
man, and will make a local paper of
which the people of the town will feel
proud. After having served the people
long and faithfully, Bro. Tenney retires
with the good will of his fellow citizens.

General Manager Payson Tucker of
the Maine Central, gave a birthday ban-
quet at the Union Station cafe, Saturday
evening, covers being laid for 60. The
Bramhall League was well represented,
and a number of prominent railroad men
were present as guests from out of the
State.

The annual encampment of Maine's
national guard, which was omitted last
year, will take place this year at the
State muster ground in Augusta. The
time has not yet been fixed.

MAINE STATE FAIR TRUSTEES.

The Trustees of the State Agricultural
Society are already active in making
preparations for the next State Fair,
and a full meeting was held Monday,
the 19th, at the Elm House, Auburn,
the entire board being present excepting
Mr. G. O. Bailey, Belfast, who is ill.
The entire day was spent in revision of
the premium list, additions being made
where it was evident that exhibits
would be increased.

The division of Superintendents this
year will be as follows: Alonzo Libby,
horses; H. Wesley Hutchins, tickets;
T. M. Pooler, halls, and to fill the
vacancy caused by the illness of Mr.
Bailey, Mr. A. J. Libby, the very
efficient ex-Trustee and Superintendent
of Cattle, has consented to take charge
of that department again. This will be
good news to the cattle men, as their
interests will be as carefully looked
after as during former years. Look for
a full cattle exhibit this year. The
poultry breeders will also find added
inducements to bring or send their
stock, as the society will receive and
re-ship without the attendance of the
owners, as in former years.

Perhaps the announcement which will
give greatest satisfaction is that the
Trustees have closed a contract with the
Myrtle Park Combination, for a four
days' exhibit, including her wonderful
hurdle, Roman and bare-back races and
rider performances. Without doubt
this is the finest exhibition of the kind
in America, and the State Fair will be
the only place where it will appear in
Maine this year. This will meet the
call for something new and novel, and
must be a great attraction.

The Trustees decided to continue the
Pacing Stake Races as in 1893 for 1, 2, 3
and 4-year-olds, thus meeting the de-
mands of the colt owners of every age
and class. The arrangement of races
when complete will be the best and most
satisfactory on record, and, as they look
to the development of State of Maine
horses, must meet with favor and
approval. They have done their duty,
and done it well. The door is open for
owners to take full advantage of the
very liberal stakes and stake races, and
the fact that these are confined to Maine
and the Provinces, should insure a list
of entries beyond anything in the history
of the society. Assurances have been
made of exhibits, so that the character
and extent of the next State Fair will
be fully up to former years, and may be
if those interested in State industries
will lend their influence and fill the
halls. The officials decided to open the
fair Monday and continue through Fri-
day, giving five days, thus affording
more time for getting into complete
working order and showing exhibits.

State Bar Association.

The State Bar Association held its an-
nual meeting in Portland, Wednesday
afternoon, prominent lawyers from all
parts of the State being present. Besides
members of business, President Charles
F. Libby of Portland delivered an able
and exhaustive address on what is
known as the Australian or Torrens sys-
tem of registration of land titles.

At a business meeting in the afternoon,
officers were elected as follows: Presi-
dent, Charles F. Libby of Portland;
Vice-Presidents, Orville D. Baker of
Augusta, Albert R. Savage of Auburn,
and F. A. Wilson of Bangor; Secretary,
Charles F. Libby; Treasurer, Leslie C. Cornish
of Houlton; Executive Committee, Charles
F. Libby, Frederick A. Powers of
Houlton, C. E. Littlefield of Rockland,
C. S. Payson of Portland, Albert M.
Spear, Gardiner. A. L. Lumbert, Houl-
ton, is chairman of the committee on
legal education, George C. Wing, Auburn,
chairman of the committee on member-
ship, Charles F. Libby, chairman of
committee on law reform, and J. H.
Drummond, chairman of committee on
legal history.

After election of these officers, A. A.
Strout, Esq., presented the following
resolution:

Resolved, That the State Bar Association
of Maine respectfully urges upon the Leg-
islature the propriety of providing for the
appointment of a commission to enquire into
the necessity and expediency of legislation to
aid in the establishment of a uniformity
of legislation relating to forms and registra-
tion of conveyances, establishment of wills,
probate procedure and other matters, so far
as the same shall be found advisable and
consistent.

This resolution was passed and the
following were appointed to bring the
matter to the attention of the Legislature:
A. A. Strout, F. A. Wilson of Bangor and
W. C. Philbrook of Waterville.

The annual banquet was held in the
evening at the Falmouth Hotel. After
the banquet the time was almost wholly
occupied by Judge William L. Putnam,
who made an elaborate address on
George Evans, a native of Maine, born in
1797, graduated from Bowdoin in 1815,
elected to Congress in 1829 and the
Senate in 1841.

The Wool Market.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin says:

The sales of wool for the week were 206,
000 pounds of foreign, and 1,265,400
pounds of domestic. The sales show a
total decrease from last year's corre-
sponding date of 13,774,000 pounds. The
receipts of wool at Boston since Jan. 1,
similarly show a decrease to date of 19-
454 bales domestic, and 16,681 bales of
foreign. The market is utterly dull and
featureless, a few buyers attending pick-
ing up small lots from the bargain coun-
ter.

The underwear mills have generally cut
prices twenty per cent from the old
rates without securing much business.
They have been buying Australian lambs
during the week on scoured basis of
sixty to sixty-two. This is a general
weakening in washed fleeces towards a
hard pan basis. Ohio XX sold 21½¢
cents lower than last week's quotation,
which was the lowest on record. Terri-
tory wools seem to be on bed rock.
Valley Oregon sold for the first time in
months, the basis being thirty-three for
No. 1.

Gen. Edward W. Hincks, of Cambridge,
Mass., died last week. He was born in
Bucksport, served an apprenticeship on
the *Bangor Whig* and went to Boston in
1849, where he conducted a publishing
business. Afterward he was representa-
tive to the legislature from Bangor. He
served in the army during the war with
marked bravery and efficiency and was
severely wounded. His death was the
result of old wounds.

A GLIMPSE OUTSIDE.

In a late issue our agricultural editor
gave our readers an insight into what
Vermont farmers are doing in dairy
lines, drawing therefrom valuable les-
sons for us to follow. But it is not
alone in this industry that suggestions
of worth may be obtained. One cannot
spend the days of an institute with the
Vermont Board of Agriculture, and the
farmers who gather at these meetings,
without the conviction that they are
centering their thoughts upon certain
specific lines of work. It was our pleas-
ure to be present at the two days' meet-
ing at Fair Haven, located about twenty
miles west of Rutland, and just on the
New York line. One gets a very poor
idea of the country from Fitchburg,
Mass., to Bellows Falls, the section
traversed being broken and unproduc-
tive, the villages, as a rule, small and
not especially attractive. But from Bellows
Falls to Rutland the whole scene
changes, and it must be one of the most
delightful rides in all that region during
the growing season. Rutland is a city
of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants,
on a par with any New England town,
and the first glance up the business
streets impresses the thought of busi-
ness activity and wealth. From here
the natural sources of prosperity were
apparent on every hand in the marble
and slate quarries, but the hammers and
saws were quiet, while every storehouse
and railroad platform was crowded
with the output therefrom, waiting,
waiting the ushering in of better busi-
ness days. It was a striking illustration
of the force of the lesson of the interde-
pendence of classes and interests, and
that when "one member suffers all
members suffer with it."

Fair Haven is a village among the
hills, inviting to the stranger, both in lo-
cation and surroundings, and also in the
attractiveness and character of the build-
ings surrounding the beautiful park. It
must be a popular summer resort. The
tall native marble structures, surrounded
by less imposing brick, presented a con-
trast very pleasing to the eye. The
State Board is made up of seven mem-
bers, and when possible they all attend
the institutes, which continue two days.
They are good speakers, close students,
and lead the advanced thought and work
of the agriculturists of the State.

The subject of tuberculosis is just
now receiving considerable attention,
but the Secretary and members occupy
sound, conservative ground where the
evils and dangers of the disease are rec-
ognized, and proper precautions urged
without indulging in the least in un-
necessary fears. Proper care, proper
ventilation, careful selection of breeding
animals, and a weeding out of any in off
condition were the points emphasized.

The Scale of Points was the subject of
an afternoon, when the writer, with a
horse at his side, presented the im-
portance of this systematic, educational
work in judging, and gave an object les-
son in the same.

The important subject of "Home
Markets" was discussed in a clear,
straightforward manner, and the audi-
ence shown how, by the production of
a choice article, in any direction, the de-
mand for it would increase. Especially
was it urged that the practice now so
prevalent among hotel men and boarding
house keepers of sending away for the
vegetables, meats, eggs, and small fruits,
be checked by growing as good at home
and selling at market rates. Ample il-
lustrations were presented substantiating
each claim made by Mr. Vail, and every
point is equally applicable to Maine.
When the Maine farmers grow the pro-
ducts wanted by our own home markets,
they have, by superior quality, culti-
vated these, the question of profitabil-
ity agriculture will be solved, and prosper-
ity attend our efforts.

A very interesting half hour's talk on
horses by Secretary Winslow closed the
first day's programme and in this he em-
phasized the lessons so often repeated in
these columns—size, substance, form,
courage and intelligence, the latter being
urged as one of the chief essentials.
Naturally the Morgan type was the one
selected and in this there could have
been no difference of opinion, for the
horse described so distinctly was just
what the buyer of to-day is looking for.

Much to our regret we failed of hear-
ing the lecture on "The Relation of the
Farmer to the Public School," by W. H.
Cook, editor of the *Poultry Journal* in
being a subject of deep interest. "The
Management of the Dairy," "Intensive
Farming," "The Outlook for the Ver-
mont Farmer," and "Vermont at Chi-
cago," were the subjects of the address
the second day, all being treated in an
earnest and practical manner, showing
how Vermont products lead the market,
especially butter, maple syrup and horses.
Such faith, expressed so strongly and
backed by arguments and facts, must
carry conviction, and right here we fan-
cied an advance might be made at home
to keep to the front the high excellence
of Maine's farm products and the mag-
nitude of home productions, helping all
the while to swell the output and raise
the quality. In the horse department
next week we shall have something to
say of the Morgan breeders there and
the work they are doing.

The American Farmer.

We have received Bradley's *American
Farmer* for the present year, with the
attractive feature of twenty-five hand-
some pictures taken from life. Under
each picture is a note giving a positive
statement of the grower, whose full name
and address is given. These pictures
are photographic views of the fields
which have been reproduced without re-
touching. Our farmer readers will be
pleased to know of this work, because
the farmer wants facts, not theories;
for while theoretical farming is instruc-
tive, the farmer must know how the fer-
tilizer will work in the field under ordi-
nary methods of farming before he can
safely determine whether it will pay him
to adopt it for his farm. It is at this
point that the *Bradley Fertilizer Co.*,
have made their wonderful success. Any
of our readers can receive their book
free by asking for it and mentioning the
Farmer. Send to F. P. Shumway, Jr.,
25 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

A box of delicious oranges came to
the sanctum, the other day, from the
Suncroft grove of the Bradley Fertilizer
Company, at Altamonte Springs, Fla.
Their richness of flavor is something we
have never found surpassed. The grove
from which these oranges came, contains
about 2000 trees and is pronounced by
critics one of the finest groves in the
State. When the Bradley Company
bought the grove, a few years ago, it was
in very bad condition, and they have
brought it to its present state of high
cultivation through the use of their fer-
tilizers. Owning large tracts of land in
different States, from Massachusetts to
Florida, this company are enabled to
make exhaustive experiments with dif-
ferent forms of plant food under their
own supervision, and the benefits derived
from these experiments are given to their
patrons, as they have always be-
lieved that experiments should be tried
on their own farms rather than at the
expense of the public.

The editorial "puff" is carried to great
length in many newspapers, city and
country, but for elegance of diction,
beauty of sentiment and strict adherence
to grammatical construction, the follow-
ing, from an Alabama paper, "lays over"
anything that ever came under our
notice. It appeared as the leading edi-
torial, and we give it *verbatim et liberatim*
et punctatim:

"The undertaking firm of Boyd, Scott
& Co., was on their mettle last Sabbath
in the conducting of one of the largest
colored funerals ever saw in this city;
they should receive great credit for the
manner in which they preserved the
body of Miss Johnson, this shows con-
clusively that they are practical embal-
mers. Their conduct of affairs are in
the strictest terms of respectability and
tenderness. We all agree that though
the dead is without feelings, yet we
want them handled with precious care.
We bespeak for them success, which
they so justly merit."

Twenty stories and 300 feet high; that
is to be the size of the latest of the sky
scraping buildings which New York has
been erecting in rapidly increasing num-
bers within the last year or two. The
building is to be erected by the Ameri-
can Surety Company at the southeast
corner of Broadway and Pine street,
where the old Continental Insurance
Building now stands. The building will
be on the Greek classical order of archi-
tecture. The cost of construction, it is
estimated, will be not more than \$1,000,
000 nor less than \$800,000. The new
building will be only one block from
Trinity church, whose spire it will over-
top by 16 feet. It is expected the lofty
structure will be ready for occupancy
by May 1, 1895.

Among the questions that will be
settled at the next national encampment
of the G. A. R., is the proposition to
admit the Sons of Veterans to the orga-
nization. The subject has not yet been
considered by the Grand Army as a
whole, but has been brought before
several of the State encampments. In
the department of Pennsylvania, a com-
mittee was appointed to prepare a report
for the State encampment at Philadel-
phia, to be held March 1st and 2d.
While many Grand Army men favored
the idea of having the Sons of Veterans
in the order, there is also considerable
opposition.

We have received the publication en-
titled "Why Bonanza Farming Pays," is-
sued by William Deering & Co., Chicago,
manufacturers of and dealers in agri-
cultural implements. It has fine illus-
trations of their reapers and mowers and
binders, in active service in the field,
together with all the pieces entering into
their composition. There is a panoramic
illustration of the Foreign Commission-
ers' visit to the Northwest, to learn why
Bonanza Farming pays. We distinctly
recall the magnificent display of this firm
at the World's Fair, and only regret that
we had not time to visit their extensive
works, the largest in the world devoted
to the manufacture of harvesting
machinery.

David Dunn of Poland, a most unique
character, the oldest lawyer at the An-
drosoggin bar, is dead. He has been a
member of the State legislature, and at
one time was Speaker of the House.
He was one of the quickest wits in the
State, and an incomparable story-teller.
He was born in Cornish, in 1811, and
read law with John Fairfield of Saco.
He was admitted to the York county bar
in 1833, and soon after moved to
Poland Corner, where he practiced law
until his death.

We are glad to receive a copy of the
published report of Labor Commissioner
Matthews. It is a well gotten up, an
attractive work, and as an advertisement
of the State's inducements as a summer
resort will be likely to bring more
profitable returns than many of the more
bulky and expensive documents issued
by authority of the State.

One of our farmer friends says his
experience this winter has been to sit in
the house one day watching the snow
fall and drift, and on the next day tackle
the snowdrifts in breaking out roads.
This, together with the care of the
sick, has doubtless been the experience
of many.

Grain men say that the recent heavy
snow will make the wheat crop this year
over one hundred million bushels in
Kansas. The area seeded was over
4,500,000 acres, which is larger than that
which produced the phenomenal crop of
1892. The area that year was 4,300,000
acres.

In a fit of rage, Mary Zavilla threw a
bucket of scalding water over Andrea
Brongio, in Norristown, Pa. Brongio is
in a critical condition. —*Ex.*

Some people are kept in hot water all
the time.

With the exception of the Art Palace,
the immediate demolition of the World's
Fair buildings has been determined up-
on. The buildings will at once be of-
fered for sale.

Looking out over a four-foot snow
bank, we have just time to say that eight
crates of strawberries arrived in Boston
on Friday. They were quoted to receive
at forty cents per quart.

Chas. E. Wheeler, Chesterville, has
sold his thoroughbred Jersey bull,
"Maine's Exile," also a nice cow, to
Massachusetts parties.

CITY NEWS.

—Postmaster Lynch has returned from
his trip to Washington.
—Wood & Harvey have sold their
grocery store to Gardner parties.
—Washington's birthday, and the
schools will have a vacation to-day.
—If the author of "Beautiful Snow"
were living, how he would enjoy the
present state of things.

—Cushnet Tribe of Red Men are fit-
ting up a fine hall for their use in what
has been known as Novelty Hall.
—Seth Williams Post, and in fact other
Posts of the G. A. R. throughout the
State, will to-day properly observe
Washington's Birthday.

—Mr. H. Chernow, trader, having
made a composition with his creditors
at 40%, has received his discharge in
insolvency.

—The iron arch to be placed over the
steps leading to the State House has
arrived and will soon be put up.
The electric light near these steps will be
placed on the top of the arch.

—The Fire Department is to give a
grand entertainment at the Opera House,
Wednesday evening, March 14. Tony
Clark's Juvenile Band has been engaged
for one of the attractions. Another lead-
ing feature will be a realistic fire scene.

—There are now about 700 patients in
the Insane Hospital. There have been
during the past year, including those
sent to the State prison and those re-
turned to the town, about 70 patients
sent out from the institution either cured
or discharged as cured, etc.

—The People's Party of Maine will
hold a State Convention in Golden Cross
Hall, Augusta, on Thursday, March 22,
1894, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the pur-
pose of nominating a candidate

Poetry.

A CRY FROM EARTH.

BY H. H. McLAUGHLIN.

Bow, bow the head, and bend the cowering
Knee! What boots it now to wage the fruitless
fight? Since Gold is God, and Wrong and Might
are right, And Truth and Virtue are no longer free?
Since Honor has fled, and Shame has come,
Why Mammon's votaries throng on every
side, Why seek to stem the ever swelling tide?
The few who fought for right long since are
dead.

The fall of orphan and the widow's tears,
More not the pity of the haughty proud,
Who ride and trample over the weak and low,
Through all the changes of the empty years.

The post-poned studies lie in gold;
From myriad pillars hollow blasts are
blown; The worthless seed in worthless soil is sown;
All, all alike, are bartered, bought and sold!

The jeweled harlot flaunts to public gaze
The cursed emblems of her shameless sin;
No trace of virtue ever enters in,
The garish light of these sin-sodden days.

O Christ! O Christ! Thou sweet and loving
One, Who gave Thy precious blood that we
might live, Look down in mercy, pity and forgive,
Our wayward lives, and all the good undone.

"And as Thou prayed for those on Calvary's
hill, Who mocked, derided, jeered Thee to Thy
death, As Thou didst pardon blasphemy with Thy
breath, Do Thou, O God, O Christ, be lenient still!"

For the Maine Farmer.

IN SOLITUDE.

BY E. T.

When wild and fierce the tempest howls,
And dashing breakers roar,
Home on the bosom of the sea I hear
The voice I heard of yore.
Then shades of sadness cloud my brow,
And sorrow fills my heart,
With half-regretful thoughts of thee,
I wonder where thou art?

And when, at eve, alone I stray
Beside the rocky tide,
I start, then pause—methinks I hear
Thy footsteps by my side,
When rosy twilight, soft and dim,
Is kissing land and sea,
I wonder if the waves
Dost remember me?

Our Story Teller.

A WOMAN'S YES.

Miss Louise Bragg's social colleagues were fond of saying of her to one another and to strangers that she was a wonderfully clever young woman. This was meant in no qualified sense; it carried with it no contingencies; the distinction was positive. The fact of her cleverness stood prominently apart, and was a notable item in the general assets of her social set. It became one of the chief facts concerning her interesting personality, and frequently overshadowed less striking ones when she was being conversationally considered. She was of the slender, willowy type; tall as most men, and graceful after an unconscious, unstudied fashion. Her face had straight, angular lines, and was not essentially pretty. When she smiled it revealed a pair of sparkling eyes and a mouth of exquisite expression. Wondrous power lay in her brown eyes, power under complete subjection of her will. Her hair was of the bright yellow tint of over-ripe wheat, the tint that somehow suggests artificiality.

Miss Bragg's love experiences had been numerous; but she had managed with her cleverness to give them variety. Every man she had ever known well had attempted to make love to her. She thought it very amusing, and her women friends agreed with her in this view when she told them of her experiences. One name she was not without conscience in the matter, however, and contented herself with believing that all of her admirers would get over their weakness without permanent hurt.

A brief note from one of these admirers received one morning just as she was going out produced marked effect upon Miss Bragg. She gave up her intention to go out and sat down to read a second and a third time the very brief and conventional epistle. It was a very concise note from Mr. Philip Newman, asking her to walk with him in the afternoon.

These walks, it must be explained, formed one of Miss Bragg's characteristic social institutions. Besides being clever she was peculiar. She went walking with young men much often than she went driving or to the theater with them. Mr. Phil Newman had been one of the first young men to enjoy the pleasure of these walks, and the sight of him promading with Miss Bragg had inspired countless other young men to aspire to the same privilege. But for three years, although she had walked often, Newman had not been her companion. She had seen him occasionally at balls, parties, the theater and elsewhere, but had little communication with him. The day before receiving his note she had passed him on the street and he had bowed in a distant polite manner.

After reading the note the third time and vainly trying to comprehend its meaning she took from the cabinet, in which she kept all her letters, a letter in the same handwriting, and putting the two together, studied them. Though totally different in tone and apparent meaning she believed them to be of practically the same import. The first, written by Newman just after their last walk together three years before, was a timid, half-fearful proposal of marriage. It had a tremulous note of fear in it—fear that she would refuse. The last—just four lines—asked her to walk, nothing more. Yet, Miss Bragg's logic gave the two the same meaning.

"Well," said Miss Bragg, as she finished her note of acceptance. "The answer's the same to both letters—'yes.' Before it was a qualified, obscure 'yes'—he didn't recognize in its disguise. This time—I don't like this—I'll make it plain for him."

She tore up what she had written, and penned in scrawling, careless characters: "Yes—Louise Bragg. I like that better," she said, and read Newman's note again, half smiling. "I wonder if this last phase in the evolution of Mr. Newman's feelings is as complimentary to me as the first," she speculated. "He's a man of moods, phases and periods. It's hard to make out the meaning of this last. It sounds like a last appeal. He is a human paradox."

Of all her love affairs, this was the most interesting to Miss Bragg. This was due to its novel history and to other reasons. Newman was a society man of a not remarkable mental caliber. He measured up to the average of his set. He was rather tall and handsome, with a face typically youthful. What particular quality of his that drew her toward him, Miss Bragg herself could not say—but she was con-

scious of liking him. Their walks, as has been said, were frequent, and their talks, while confidential, had never touched upon matrimonial topics. He reserved the mention of this subject for the letter that had been referred to. Miss Bragg was a bit disappointed at having so important a question treated after the manner of a business negotiation. It seemed a little cowardly to write. Her reply was characteristically worded. To a few men in the world it would have meant "no," but to the generality of men "yes"—a woman's yes.

A call the next day would have accorded with Miss Bragg's idea of what the behavior of a young man in Newman's place should have been, but he did not call the next day, the next week, the next month or the next year. Indeed, three whole years passed and he neither wrote or spoke to her upon the subject. After a short time she repeated of having replied as she had done. Her letter now seemed so distant, so ill-considered. If she had waited a month to reply it would have been different, she felt. Still she could not understand Newman's conduct, and it was far from her to ask him for an explanation.

Miss Bragg dressed with great care, and calmly self possessed, she sat awaiting for Newman. She read his last two letters again, but the repetition of them left her puzzled still. From her cabinet she fished out a package of letters she had received from him. She had not seen them since first receiving them, but now she read them with peculiar interest. In the package were three or four written while Newman was away on a business trip, others were written to her at mountain resorts, others still were nothing but mere formal notes making for an engagement—all breathed the spirit of love. She could understand his actions even less as she read them, which she did with marked eagerness. Out of the confused tangle of odds and ends that filled her cabinet she searched for letters in Newman's well known handwriting. The letters had been tossed in promiscuously and hidden from view since.

A bright, crisp, new-looking envelope dropped from her fingers as she drew out a bundle, and, picking it up, she examined it curiously. As her glance fell upon it the blood left her face and her heart stood still. It was in her own handwriting, addressed to Newman—her answer to his letter of three years ago.

As she sat there regarding it in bewilderment Mr. Newman's card was handed to her.

No traces of agitation were visible in Miss Bragg's manner when she smilingly greeted Newman a minute later. He seriously shook hands. Miss Bragg did not sit down. "I believe we are to walk," she said, as if the matter was of so little importance that she had almost forgotten. "Yes," he said, getting up hastily.

As they reached the sidewalk they stopped undecided which way to go. "It's a nice walk out in the vicinity of Jefferson Heights," Newman said, hesitatingly. "We used to walk there often, you remember." "Oh, no, not Jefferson Heights," she said, as if the place was not to be considered, "it's so stupid—I detest the place." She slowly set off in an opposite direction. Newman walked silently beside her for a few moments. Presently he announced the discovery that it was a fine day for walking. Next he observed that the day was just like that on which they had taken their last walk together. This was followed by another and a longer pause, broke by Newman's question: "You remember what a fine day it was, Miss Bragg?" She made an effort to remember, knitting her brows and looking thoughtful. Utterly failing to recall it, she excused herself. "You see we walked together more than once and the days were always fine—I know they were, because I wouldn't have gone otherwise. And then three years is too long to remember such a thing as the state of the weather."

After that Mr. Newman evaded the weather and that walk as perilous topics. He talked about people, and had the air of a man who wanted badly to talk of something else. He grew nervous when Miss Bragg at last turned round and faced him. The walk had grown to be dull. "Miss Bragg," Newman said at last, "I'm going to Europe in a few days, and there's something I want to ask you before I go. If your answer is what I hope it will be, I will not go. Why did you not answer my letter three years ago?" Miss Bragg's face assumed the expression of one who has an unpleasant something to say. "Such letters are not easy to answer," she said. "One has to think before replying. I did write a letter to you, but did not send it. I thought I would wait—thought I could tell you better." "But you did not tell me," Newman burst out eagerly. "You did not ask me," she said, quite calmly. Newman looked flushed and disappointed. "What did you write me?" he asked as they walked on. "Can you guess?" she asked. His face showed his disappointment. "Oh, I guess I know what it was," he said, bitterly, "and it has caused me hours of anguish and pain, nights of sleepless unrest. Oh, Miss Bragg, you can't guess how much it has cost me. I have seen no pleasure, no peace, no rest. It will always be the same. You will never be for bothering you again, but I had hoped, after waiting three years and seeing that there was no other man, that you might change your answer. I could not go to Europe without asking you."

They walked along in silence. They were already within sight of Miss Bragg's home. At the door he stopped before her and asked, half imploringly: "Am I to accept your answer as final?" She nodded an affirmative. "My answer is final," she said. "Miss Bragg," he said, tremulously, "I can never forgive you. I shall think of you constantly while I am abroad. I'm sorry to have caused you the pain of rejecting me a second time. Good-by."

He held out his hand and took hers in a strong grasp. "Good-by, Mr. Newman," she said. "I trust you will have a pleasant trip abroad." "Thank you," he said. "Good-by." He gave her a last look and turned to go. Newman, stop a moment," she called. He walked back to her, his honest face flushed with pain. "I am awfully sorry," she said. "Believe I esteem you highly and regret that this has occurred. Your letters—I want to return them. Wait a moment till I get them."

"You may burn—" he started to say, but she was gone.

She found them just as she had left them in her cabinet. She picked them up and evened their ends so as to make a square bundle. She tied the package with a small satin ribbon. Her own

letter lay on the cabinet. She picked it up and held it undecidedly for a moment. Impulsively she tucked it beneath the ribbon with the rest.

"I think you will find all of them here," she said, handing him the package. "And I happened to find my answer to your letter of three years ago. You were curious to know what I had written, so I put it in with your letters. Good-by."

They shook hands. "I will read it, even though it gives me pain," he said in a low tone.

He hurried down the walkway, the very image of an unhappy man. But the steamer for Europe that left a few days later did not number Mr. Newman among its passengers. He had read in Miss Bragg's answer a "woman's yes"—Robert L. Adamson, in Atlanta Constitution.

"NUMBER SIXTEEN."

A few evenings ago the writer and several friends were gathered around the fire. One of the company was a medical man who had spent twelve years or so in the Canadian Northwest territories. Outside the atmosphere was chilly, and the indications favored colder weather.

"If you could be transported from St. John to the prairie on such a day as we had to-day," remarked the doctor, "and were ignorant of the changes that a few hours bring in that climate, two surprises would greet you. To-day you observe dotted in countless numbers over the vast stretches of prairie sluices or small ponds, whose placid waters would render you of so many millions set in static frames."

"To-morrow morning, as you again looked over the prairie, the whole face of the country would seem to be changed. Protruding from every sluice you would see cones made of grass, etc. These are the winter houses of the muskrat—reared, finished and occupied by a single night as if these occupants, little creatures possessed the power of the Wizard Pancreas."

"That night the sluices would be sure to freeze, and the muskrats would live in peace until the spring, when the Indians make their rounds, plunge the spear down through the cones, and thus capture numbers of the occupants. The rats are in prime order in the spring after their long rest. The flesh is eaten and the skins are taken care of by the squaws."

"These skins, as well as all others, are a kind of legal tender, and it's a common occurrence for the Indian to visit a store, make his purchase, take a bundle of ratskins from under his arm, and count them out as five-cent pieces."

"The Indian department displays much energy to suppress smallpox, which often creates havoc among the natives of the plains. Doctors are sent out regularly to vaccinate the Indians. The doctor makes his rounds with the agent, and the tribe is requested to appear. The stipulation is that all must be vaccinated before receiving the money."

"The Indians are distinguished by numbers as well as names, and, as they are paid so much per head, every member of a family must be produced and passed through the agent's tent. Before being paid those requiring it are vaccinated."

"One day," said the doctor, "I was vaccinating a tribe of Crees, when a woman approached with a couple of children. She had a rich, mellow voice, and a long, slender figure. She spoke to me for a moment and told her to step into the next tent and I would attend to her in a few moments. I saw she was not a squaw, and thought she was the wife of a Hudson's Bay company employee who wanted to get vaccinated at the expense of the government."

"While I was speaking the clerk shouted out: 'No 16,' and the woman said in a low voice: 'I am No. 16.' She bared her arm, and both she and the children were attended to. She passed on, received her bounty, and then out among the herd of Indians."

"The face and voice of that woman haunted me the rest of the day while I kept scratching the arms of braves, squaws, and pappees."

"At last the day's work was over and instruments laid aside. After supper I set about to satisfy my curiosity as to the history of No. 16. A few inquiries enabled me to locate the shack where she put up, and thither I bent my way. The shack, I may say, is a small hut, built of clay or mud, fire is a can made in the shack. The place is so constructed that the squaw stands the sticks of wood on their ends so that the fire is fed as if from a self-feeder. No. 16 related to me how and why she occupied the shack. It was rather a long story, but I was full of sadness from beginning to end."

"My father," said No. 16, in a voice full of pathos, "is a Scotchman, and is factor of Fort Pelley, belonging to the Hudson's Bay company. Before the northwest territories were taken over he ruled the country for hundreds of miles around. He was a magistrate, too, and of course administered the law."

"When No. 16 reached a certain age she was sent to Scotland in one of the company's ships, which leave for New York or Fort Nelson a couple of times a year. She was there for three or four days. For hundreds of miles she had to cross prairies, and then by canoe and other conveyances, the great rivers were traversed until Hudson's Bay was reached, where embarkation took place. It took some months to do this."

"When Scotland was reached she entered a university and remained there until she graduated. These were pleasant days for the young western girl. She became acquainted with an intelligent young Scotchman, and the attachment became so strong on both sides that before she left the country he had pledged word to her."

"One of the company's ships bore her away from her pleasant abode in Scotland to the higher latitudes of Davis straits and the Hudson's bay, where the iceberg is familiar in August, there again to rough it over fogs and stretches of swamps, up vast water courses, and along bewildering trails, in company with the trappers and porters of the company, for months, until Fort Pelley was again reached."

"The journey was made in safety. Of course it was understood that her young Scotch lover would leave her the land of cakes and follow her to the northwest, where she pictured to herself the kind reception he would receive from her parents, and where the battle of life would be commenced in the married state. But this dream was never to be realized. Aye, the golden

web was to be shattered before it was nearly completed.

"At the time the father was informed of her attachment to the young man in Scotland, of her intention to marry him, and how he was coming over for that purpose. The father became angry and would not consent. He already had a husband chosen for her. The person was an employee of the company, and was stationed at Fort Garry."

"There was an obstacle that she did not count upon. She debated the subject with her father and finally asserted her prerogative of accepting as her husband the man she had chosen, while the father would not allow him to see his daughter. He was ordered to leave the country at once. This order was supreme and had to be obeyed."

"He could not reside in the country an hour without the factor's knowledge. Even if he could there was no means for a young man like him to gain a livelihood. The forts held all the necessities of life and none could be purchased elsewhere. Then, again, there was the danger of being killed by straggling bands of Indians."

"With reluctance he turned his back to Fort Pelley and all it contained that was dear to him. He retraced his steps as best he could, and reached the border of the United States, where all trace of him was lost forever, so far as No. 16 was concerned."

"By some means she learned that her transatlantic lover had been in the country, the reception he had received, and how he had been banished by his father. This, of course, caused her a good deal of grief, and consequently widened the breach between herself and father."

"At this time Fort Pelley contained a large number of employees belonging to the Hudson's Bay company, and the factor lived like a baron of feudal times. Meals were served in a large hall, while butlers attended to the ordinary duties."

"One morning, after the factor and his retinue had taken their places at the breakfast table, it was noticed that the daughter's chair was vacant. The mother was asked the reason, and she replied that the girl was ill and was unable to leave her room."

"The father, suspecting that she had heard of his actions toward the young Scotchman and that she was feigning sickness, determined to show her he was not to be trifled with. The mother was requested to tell her to come down, and the daughter obeyed the summons."

"When she entered the hall it was quite evident that she had recently been weeping. The father, letting his anger get the better of decorum, upbraided his daughter before the employees, using the most harsh language toward the young Scotchman."

"For a time the daughter listened to him meekly, but the climax was reached where patience ceased to be a virtue. She arose, and, tossing back her loose hair, stood before him in defiance. Looking straight at her father, she said with great bitterness and determination: 'Before forty-eight hours I will disgrace you.' With that she rushed from the dining hall. The meal proceeded, and afterward the employees went about their usual vocations."

"The father thought the affair of the morning would soon quiet down as far as his daughter was concerned, and eventually she would come around to his way of thinking. But he was mistaken."

"The young woman left the fort. It was no use for her to try to leave the country, for she was too far away from civilization, and she also knew that none of the employees dare assist her. She therefore made her way to a tribe of Cree Indians. It did not take her long to make up her mind what to do. It was a terrible sacrifice, but she was determined to thwart her father's plans, and in order to do this she became the 'pale-faced squaw' of a full-blooded Cree."

"Although, with her husband, she often encamped near the fort, her father never noticed her afterward. Her mother used to send her articles from the fort, but that was the only intercourse she had with her parents. In order to distinguish her from her husband and family she had them assume the name of McLeod."

"The woman's story affected me very much," said the speaker, "and I was glad when my work was over, but the sacrifice No. 16 made has never left my memory."—St. John Globe.

HELPED HIM PROPOSE.

Arthur Lyle was a confirmed bachelor. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with blue eyes and dark hair. He was an artist by profession. He had but few patrons, but that fact did not trouble him much, as he was very well-to-do.

He was idly toying with his watch chain and watching the smoke of his cigar as it curled upward in the air, when the door opened and Mr. Clifton Wayne entered the room.

"Well, Arthur, how are you to-day?" were his first words. "Thinking of your lady-love?"

"Don't be a fool, Clifton," was his polite reply. "You know I hate girls like—like—"

"Softly, softly, my dear sir," interrupted Clifton, laughing. "The trouble is you haven't come across the right one."

"And never will," interrupted Arthur. "But enough of this nonsense. I heard to-day that your sister Clara was about to give a grand ball. Is that so?"

"Of course it is, and you're to be invited. And, Arthur, Cousin Nellie, from New Orleans, is coming, too. She will be a splendid catch for you."

"There you go again, Clifton. You know I am a confirmed bachelor. And as for Miss Nellie—what did you say her name was?"

"Nellie—Nellie Forsythe. But good day! I have an appointment downtown." And he hurried away.

Years ago Arthur Lyle had felt that he understood one woman. He had even gone so far as to tell her that he so would it henceforth his life

would be devoted equally to her and his profession. And she had smiled and looked at him as if he had kissed her, and supposed that she would at some time, not far distant, be his own.

But he had supposed too much, as he afterwards found out when she was married a few weeks later to a dashing young lawyer.

This hurt his susceptible and sensitive heart to think that she had so deceived him, and he told her so the first time he saw her after her marriage.

And she, with one of her innocent, surprised looks, answered his indignant words by saying "that he had never asked her to marry him."

He had not met her for several years. He went to visit his friend Clifton at his beautiful villa in the suburbs.

He had been there but a few days when he walked out on the piazza, and, to his amazement, saw his former sweetheart walking across the grounds of a neighboring house with a half-grown child—a little girl—who in many ways resembled her mother.

He walked on aimlessly, blind, deaf to everything around him. Thoughts of his lost love and the fate that had separated them were struggling together tumultuously in his brain.

The sound of a horse rushing madly down the road and a low, startled cry caused him suddenly from the reverie into which he had fallen. He looked up and saw a young lady in great peril.

He darted forward, and seizing the horse by the bit, stopped him. What a gentle woman's heart, he thought, this lovely girl with soft, brown eyes and beautiful golden hair—a quiet, little creature with a charming, refined face.

"Where do you wish to go?" he inquired, respectfully.

"To Wayne villa," she replied, in a sweet voice that thrilled his heart.

"I found no one at the depot to meet me, so I got a horse and thought I would ride over, but my horse took fright and ran off as you see, but if you will assist me to remount I think I can reach the villa safely."

It was a splendid night. The stars shone beautifully, the air was soft and balmy. Wayne villa was brilliantly illuminated; Chinese lanterns shone here and there among the trees in fact, it looked like a fairy paradise; carriages drove up and deposited ladies and gentlemen and the sound of music was heard from the parlors. Miss Clara Wayne was giving a ball.

When Arthur Lyle was announced there was a buzz through the room, as he was a general favorite, and maneuvering mamma did not quite despair of catching him.

"Ah! Arthur, how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed Miss Clara, seizing him by the hand. "I must introduce you to Miss Forsythe."

"Hang Miss Forsythe!" thought Arthur (his thoughts were all centered on the fair girl he had rescued on the road that morning), but he followed Clara obediently to the corner of the room, where a lady who had her back turned to him was talking with a party of gentlemen.

"Miss Forsythe, Mr. Lyle," said Clara, presenting him. "Why, what's the matter with you, Mr. Lyle?" she cried, as Arthur stood, with his eyes wide open, looking at Miss Forsythe.

For in Miss Forsythe he recognized the beautiful girl he had met so unexpectedly in the morning. However, he recovered himself sufficiently to converse as if nothing had happened.

From that time he found that he loved her. She was a woman after his own heart. But he didn't know how to tell her so if he made up his mind that he then he thought some one might come along if he dallied, and, discovering what a wonderful woman she was, he didn't want to lose her.

He felt as if there was possible danger in delay.

But how to say what he wanted to that was what troubled him.

Little cold shivers went over him and his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth. He felt sure that if he began to propose words would forsake him, and there he would stand, gasping and opening his mouth like a dying fish.

He had been a constant visitor to Wayne villa for several months, and he was thinking this morning, as he walked leisurely up the path, that if he could but meet Miss Forsythe he would speak.

As he turned a bend in the path he saw seated on a rock under a shady tree the object of his thoughts.

He walked up to her, and he was that had intruded upon her peaceful privacy; and the poor, lovesick artist thought she had the sweetest smile he had ever seen. She made room for him and he sat down beside her.

"This is a lovely morning for sketching, and I thought I could sketch some of the beauties of the scenery, but now that I have found something so much more interesting to me and so much more beautiful—I think I—would—would—"

"Rather talk," interrupted Miss Forsythe, with a quizzical smile.

She smiled, and he felt like any rose at his foolish speech.

Then there was a little silence, which Miss Forsythe broke by saying:

"Here comes your protegee," as Clara Hale came tearing down the path at breakneck speed.

"O, dear!" sighed the poor artist, with a comical despair. "I don't see why I should be so persecuted, do you? That child would ruin the life of me."

"I say," called out Miss Clara, "just yet a long way off. You aren't a fool, are you?"

"I hope not," answered the astonished artist. "What makes you ask such a question?"

"O, cause," answered Miss Clara. "You see, I heard Mr. and Mrs. Insley talking about you and Miss Forsythe, and Mrs. Insley said as was plain as the nose on your face that you loved her like your very own. You daren't say so. And she said you were foolish not to tell her and do with it, for she'd seen how you wanted to for a good while, and she said Miss Forsythe thought her eyes of you, and you must see it if you wasn't a fool, and lots more that I can't remember. But I knew you wasn't a fool."

He glanced at Miss Forsythe. She was blushing like the reddest rose of summer. The sight gave him courage.

"Miss Forsythe," he began, and then he got frightened and paused.

But he mustered courage and went on:

"Do you care anything for me? I certainly do for you."

Then he found himself holding out his hand to her, and she put her hand

in his, and then he kissed her. He wondered at himself and his new-found courage, for he kissed her again.

But the fact of his sudden bravery was enough to make him as courageous as most lovers are, and he actually put his arm around Miss Forsythe and gave her a third kiss.

Miss Clara stood and watched matters with mouth and eyes wide open, taking rapid and accurate observations of what was transpiring.

"Don't tell, will you, dear?" said Miss Forsythe, coaxingly.

"No, not for anything," answered Clara, with a grin.

An hour later, as the artist and Miss Forsythe came up to the house, they heard Clara rehearsing the whole affair to a group of delighted children.

"O, but it was just jolly!" she said. "He just got awful red and blushed, rolled his eyes up to his ears—this way; and she was redder in her face, and then she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took hold of his hand, then he kissed her again, and then he stuck out both his arms—this way—and she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took hold of his hand, then he kissed her again, and then he stuck out both his arms—this way—and she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took hold of his hand, then he kissed her again, and then he stuck out both his arms—this way—and she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took hold of his hand, then he kissed her again, and then he stuck out both his arms—this way—and she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took hold of his hand, then he kissed her again, and then he stuck out both his arms—this way—and she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took hold of his hand, then he kissed her again, and then he stuck out both his arms—this way—and she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took hold of his hand, then he kissed her again, and then he stuck out both his arms—this way—and she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took hold of his hand, then he kissed her again, and then he stuck out both his arms—this way—and she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took hold of his hand, then he kissed her again, and then he stuck out both his arms—this way—and she saw something on the ground, when there wasn't a thing to see; and he says: 'I love you more'n tongue can tell,' and she took him right out to 'her' room—so—and she took

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